

hand. It is you who will be responsible before God. We are alone; face to face in the abyss. Go on—finish—make an end. I am old and you are young; I am without arms and you are armed—kill me."

While the old man stood erect, uttering these words in a voice louder than the noise of the sea, the undulations of the waves showed him now in the shadow, now in the light: the sailor had grown lividly white. Great drops of sweat fell from his forehead; he trembled like a leaf; he kissed his rosary again and again. When the old man finished speaking, he threw down his pistol and fell on his knees.

"Mercy, my lord! Pardon me!" he cried; "you speak like the good God. I have done wrong. My brother did wrong. I will try to repair his crime. Dispose of me. Command. I will obey."

"I give you pardon," said the old man.

II.—THE PEASANT'S MEMORY IS AS GOOD AS THE CAPTAIN'S SCIENCE.

The provisions which had been put into the boat proved most acceptable. The two fugitives, obliged to make long detours, took thirty-six hours to reach the coast. They passed a night at sea; but the night was fine, though there was too much moon to be favorable to those seeking concealment.

They were obliged first to row away from France, and gain the open sea toward Jersey. They heard the last broadside of the sinking corvette as one hears the final roar of the lion whom the hunters are killing in the wood. Then a silence fell upon the sea.

The *Claymore* died like the *Avenger*, but glory has ignored her. The man who fights against his own country is never a hero.

Halmalo was a marvellous seaman. He performed miracles of dexterity and intelligence; his improvisation of a route amid the reefs, the waves, and the enemy's watch, was a masterpiece. The wind had slackened and the sea grown calmer. Halmalo avoided the Caux des Minquiers, coasted the Chaussée-aux-Bœufs, and in order that they might have a few hours' rest, took shelter in the little creek on the north side, practicable at low water; then, rowing southward again, found means to pass between Granville and the Chaussée Islands without being discovered by the look-out either of Granville or Chausey. He entered the bay of Saint Michel—a bold undertaking, on account of the neighbourhood of Cancale, an anchorage for the cruising squadron.

About an hour before sunset on the evening of the second day, he left Saint Michel's Mount behind him, and proceeded to land on a deserted beach, because the shifting sands made it dangerous. Fortunately the tide was high.

Halmalo drove the boat as far up as he could, tried the sand, found it firm, ran the barque aground and sprang on shore. The old man strode over the side after him and examined the horizon.

"Monseigneur," said Halmalo, "we are here at the mouth of the Couesnon. There is Beauvoir to starboard, and Huisnes to larboard. The belfry in front of us is Ardecon."

The old man bent down to the boat and took a biscuit, which he put in his pocket, and said to Halmalo, "Take the rest."

Halmalo put the remains of the meat and biscuit into the bag and slung it over his shoulders. This done, he said "Monseigneur, must I conduct or follow you?"

"Neither the one nor the other."

Halmalo regarded the speaker in stupefied wonder.

The old man continued, "Halmalo, we must separate. It will not answer to be two. There must be a thousand or one alone."

He paused, and drew from one of his pocket a green silk bow, rather like a cockade, with a gold fleur-de-lys embroidered in the centre. He resumed; "Do you know how to read?"

"No."

That is fortunate. A man who can read is troublesome. Have you a good memory?"

"Yes."

"That will do. Listen, Halmalo. You must take to the right and I to the left. I shall go in the direction of Fougères, you toward Bazouges. Keep your bag; it gives you the look of a peasant. Conceal your weapons. Cut yourself a stick in the thickets. Creep among the fields of rye, which are high. Slide behind the hedges. Climb the fences in order to go across the meadows. Leave passers-by at a distance. Avoid the roads and the bridges. Do not enter Pontorson. Ah! you you will have to cross the Couesnon. How will you manage?"

"I shall swim."

"That's right. And there is a ford—do you know where it is?"

"Between Anzy and Vieux-Viel."

"That is right. You do really belong to the country."

"But night is coming on. Where will monseigneur sleep?"

"I can take care of myself. And you—where will you sleep?"

"There are hollow trees. I was a peasant before I was a sailor."

"Throw away your sailor's hat; it will betray you. You will easily find a woollen cap."

"Oh, a peasant's thatch is to be found anywhere. The first fisherman will sell me his."

"Very good. Now listen. You know the woods?"

"All of them."

"Of the whole district?"

"From the Noirmoutier to Laval."

"Do you know their names too?"

"I know the woods; I know their names; I know about everything."

"You will forget nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Good. At present, attention. How many leagues can you make in a day?"

"Ten, fifteen—twenty, if necessary."

"It will be. Do not lose a word of what I am about to say. On the edge of the ravine between Saint-Reuil and Médiac, there is a large chestnut-tree. You will stop there. You will see no one."

"Which will not hinder somebody's being there. I know."

"You will give the call. Do you know how to give the call?"

Halmalo puffed out his cheeks, turned toward the sea and there sounded the "to-whit, to-hoo" of an owl.

One would have said it came from the night-locked recesses of a forest. It was sinister and owl-like.

"Good," said the old man. "You have it."

He held out the bow of green silk to Halmalo.

"This is my badge of commandant. It is important that no one should as yet know my name. But this knot will be sufficient. The fleur-de-lys was embroidered by Madame Royal in the Temple prison."

Halmalo bent one knee to the ground. He trembled as he took the flower-embroidered knot, and brought it near to his lips, then paused, as if frightened at this kiss.

"Can I?" he demanded.

"Yes; since you kiss the crucifix."

Halmalo kissed the fleur-de-lys.

"Rise," said the old man.

Halmalo rose and hid the knot in his breast.

The old man continued; "Listen well to this. This is the order: *Up! Revolt! No quarter!* On the edge of this wood of Saint-Aubin you will give the call. You will repeat it thrice. The third time you will see a man spring out of the ground."

"Out of a hole under the trees. I know."

"This man will be Planchenault, who is also called the King's Heart. You will show him this knot. He will understand. Then, by routes which you must find out, you will go to the wood of Astillé; there you will find a cripple, who is surnamed Mousqueton, and who shows pity to none. You will tell him that I love him, and that he is to set the parishes in motion. From there you will go to the wood of Couesbon, which is a league from Ploërmel. You will give the owl-cry; a man will come out of a hole; it will be Thualt, seneschal of Ploërmel, who has belonged to what is called the Constituent Assembly, but on the good side. You will tell him to arm the castle of Couesbon, which belongs to the Marquis de Guer, a refugee. Ravines, little woods, ground uneven—a good place. Thualt is a clever, straightforward man. Thence, you will go to Saint-Onen-les-Toits, and you will talk with Jean Chouan, who is, in my mind, the real chief. From thence you will go to the wood of Ville-Angloise, where you will see Guiter, whom they call Saint-Martin; you will bid him have his eye on a certain Courmesnil, who is the son-in-law of old Goupil de Pléfeld, and who leads the Jacobinry of Argente. Recollect all this. I write nothing, because nothing should be written. La Rouerie made out a list; it ruined all. Then you will go to the good of Rougefeu, where is Milette, who leaps the ravine on a long pole."

"It is called a leaping-pole."

"Do you know how to use it?"

"Am I not a Breton and a peasant? The *ferie* is our friend. She widens our arms and lengthens our legs."

"That is to say, she makes the enemy smaller and shortens the route. A good machine."

"Once on a time, with my *ferie*, I held my own against three salt-tax men who had sabres."

"When was that?"

"Ten years ago."

"Under the king?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then you fought in the time of the king?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Against whom?"

"My faith, I do not know! I was a salt-smuggler."

"Very good."

"They called that fighting against the excise officers. Were they the same thing as the king?"

"Yes. No. But it is not necessary that you should understand."

"I beg monseigneur's pardon for having asked a question of monseigneur."

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

JUNE 10.—The Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur, appeared in the House of Lords last night for the first time, and participated in the deliberations. The first locomotive and train of passenger cars passed over the St. Louis bridge to-day. The new prospect for a line of steamers between Montreal and Quebec is receiving general favour here at the hands of the traders, merchants and capitalists. Mr. Deschamps is most active, and has succeeded this week already in raising over \$50,000 in stock here. The investigation by the Accountants into the affairs of the Erie Road continues, but no report has been made yet. The broad gauge track is to be remodelled to narrow gauge immediately. Jean Francis Landriot, Archbishop of Amiens, is dead. Advice from the famine stricken district in India are more favourable. Cases of actual starvation are now rare. The number of people employed at various relief works is decreasing, in consequence of rain prevailing everywhere.

JUNE 11.—The body of a victim of the Mill River disaster has been discovered, Rosa Wilson of Haydeenville. There are but two of the one hundred and forty lost not recovered. The extensive cotton mills of Mosley and Marr, at Manchester, have been destroyed by fire; the loss is estimated at \$250,000. The Governments of Germany, Servia and Roumania, have confidentially informed the other European powers that they have concluded an agreement to mutually protect their interests and position against the designs of Turkey. The differences between the Khedive of Egypt and the Sublime Porte are serious, and intimates that grave complications in the East are probable. The University of Cambridge has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on James Russel Lowell, of Boston.

The Municipal Council of Bordeaux has been suspended for having permitted a public demonstration of hostility to the Government. The International Sanitary Congress has been postponed until the 7th January, 1875. General Concha has begun active operations against the Carlists in Navarre. The American pilgrims to-day paid a visit to Cardinal Borromeo who distributed among them copies of the medal, especially struck off by command of the Pope, in commemoration of the pilgrimage. The Senate confirmed J. C. Bancroft Davis as Minister to Germany, to succeed Hon. Geo. Bancroft. In the Commons to-day, Mr. Gladstone asked leave to present a petition to Parliament, signed by 86,000 labourers, asking for county and borough franchise. Numerous bands in the Basque Provinces have revolted against Don Carlos, demanding peace. Don Carlos has ordered that upon capture they should be shot.

JUNE 12.—The *Moniteur* holds England responsible for the escape of Rochefort and his companions, and declares that the British Government cannot refuse to enter upon an enquiry as to whether one of its subjects, in assisting convicts to escape, has not transgressed International law. Government has suspended the publication of *Le Pays* and *Le Rappel*, Radical-Republican, and *Le Dix-Neuvième Siècle*, Conservative-Republican organs, for a fortnight, because of violent attacks upon its policy. Zabala, the President of the Spanish Ministry, has authorized the generals commanding the National forces in the north to grant pardons to Carlists who give in their submission to the Government. Mantillo, whose appointment as Minister to the United States was some time ago announced and afterwards contradicted, has been ordered to proceed to Washington without delay. The Carlists have shot two officers who mutilated at Durango. The American pilgrims have presented to the Pope \$100,000 in money, besides a coffer of gold nuggets from American mines.

JUNE 13.—A special despatch from Nelsonville, Ohio, reports everything quiet. The pickets were taken off at the mines yesterday, and twenty-five deputy sheriffs from Athens were sent to preserve order. Information received here from Prattville, Greene county, announces a great flood there which has carried away houses and destroyed other property. The daughter of I. Searles, named Abby, was drowned. The rumours which have been circulating through Europe that the Khedive of Egypt was making extensive additions to his military establishment are pronounced unfounded. The Constitutional Bill, prepared by the Left Centre, will be introduced in the French Assembly to-morrow, and urgency will be demanded for it. The great international race for the grand prize of Paris was run to-day and won by the English colt Trent, Tomahawk second, and Bienville third. Fourteen ran. The betting at the start was 4 to 1 against Trent, 6 to 1 against Sattarella, and 7 to 1 against Tomahawk and Bienville.

JUNE 15.—The steamship Africa is now making the final splice of the Brazilian Cable near Madure. Capt. Holpine, commander of the expedition, hopes to have the work completed by the 21st. The Italian Senate has been prorogued. A Consistory will be held in the Vatican on the 22nd inst., when Monsignor Cheys and Guibert will be formally installed as Cardinals. The American pilgrims attended mass in the Catacombs to-day. Monseigneur Franchi was the celebrant. The constitutional bill prepared by the Left Centre was introduced in the French Assembly to-day. A vote of urgency was carried by 345 against 341. It is reported that 18 Carlist officers have been shot at Talara by order of Don Carlos for mutiny.

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